

There was a lady fine and gay,  
She looked so neat and trim,  
She went into her own garden-wall,  
To see her ships come in.

And there she spies her daughter Jane,  
Who looked so pale and wan:  
'Oh, have you had some long sickness,  
Or lain ye with some young man?'

'No, I have had no long sickness,  
Nor lain here with a man:'  
Her petticoats they were so short,  
She was a nine months gone

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'Oh is it by some nobleman?  
Or by some man of fame?  
Or is it by John Barbary,  
Who lately come from Spain?'

'No, it is by a nobleman,  
Nor by no man of fame;  
But it is by John Barbary,  
Who lately come from Spain.'

And she's calld down her merry men,  
By one, by two, by three;  
John Barbary was once the first,  
But now the last came he.

'Oh will you take my daughter Jane,  
And wed her out of hand?  
And you will dine and sup with me,  
And be heir to all my land.'

'Oh, I will take your daughter Jane,  
And wed her out of hand;  
And I will dine and sup with you,  
But I do not want your land.'

For I have houses and I have land  
And money out by the grand  
And had it not been for your daughter  
I'd never be your man, I'd never be your man